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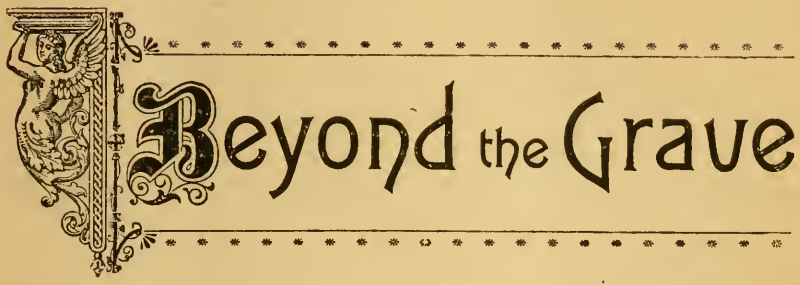
A DRAMA




BY

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY
*THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,*
NEW YORK.

1889.

A DRAMA

# Beyond the Grave

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# BEYOND THE GRAVE.

## Persons Represented.

*EDGAR ALLAN POE,* . . . . . *Poet and Author.*

*CLARENCE BERGMAN,* *A Cultivated, Selfish, Unprincipled Man.*

*CLARENCE BERGMAN, Jr.,* . . . *A Desperate Character.*

*TORQUATO TASSO,* . . *A Poet and Spirit Father of Poe.*

*AARON BURR,* . . . . *The Politician, in Spirit Life.*

*JACOB HOLMES,* . *A Stolid, Ignorant Man, in Spirit Life.*

*MR. GOODMAN,* . . *In a Paradisical Garden, in Spirit Life.*

*MRS. GOODMAN,* . *In a Paradisical Garden, in Spirit Life.*

*LENORE,* . . . . . *The Angel Bride of Poe.*

*SAPPHO,* . . . . *A Poetess, and Spirit Mother of Poe.*

*LILLIE St. CLAIR BERGMAN,* *Wife of Clarence Bergman, in Spirit Life.*

*MRS. HOLMES,* . . *Mother of Jacob Holmes, in Spirit Life.*

*MRS. LENOX,* *A Lady living with her Family in Philadelphia.*

*MISS BELLE LENOX,* . . . *A vivacious Young Lady.*

*MISS BLANCH LENOX,* . . . *Affianced of Bergman.*

## Scenes:

*At Baltimore, Philadelphia and the First Supermundane Sphere of Earth.*

## Act I.

SCENE 1—*On the Docks in Baltimore. Enter Bergman, Jr.*

*Bergman, Jr.*—God 'fend the man who this night cross
My path, and his appearance speak of wealth,
Though little 'twere, I'll have it.
For me the prison bars have lost their terror.
Shunned by my fellow men, loathed by myself,
An outcast and an outlaw, steeped in crime;
My soul scarred o'er and o'er with damning deeds,
Not fit to live, nor yet prepared to die.
Would that kind death had called me hence
Ere I had learned to tread the paths of crime,
Ere I had left a mother's sheltering arms—
Oh! what strange feelings doth that word Mother, bring;
At the same instant waking in my soul
Feelings of deepest love, and direst hate.
Love for the mother ever kind and true;
Hate for the man who cruelly deceived,
And wrought her ruin. The man I must call father—
Oh! the deep and deadly hate I bear that man.
My gentle mother driven to an early grave
By his abuse and wrong, and I an outcast
Through his cold neglect. The thought of him
Doth fill my soul with rage, and makes me fit
For any damning deed.
Hark! some one comes this way. I see him
Passing under yonder lamp, preoccupied
And talking to himself. He bears him well,
And looks like well to do. Now is my chance—
Men hunt me as the hound doth hunt the fox,
And now I'll turn and strike. This bag of sand
Will leave no mark, and dead men tell no tales.

*Bergman hides behind a pile of lumber down the pier, and Poe enters wrapped in meditation, and stops with his face towards the lumber pile. A vivid flash of lightning*

*Poe*—What a vivid flash was that. How dark and angry
Looked the clouds it did reveal. This place seems stifling,
And a strange feeling creeps over me, as though
Some danger lurked upon the air—
This dreadful calm presages the coming storm.
Again the lightning shows the scurrying clouds,
And swiftly gathering storm. Anon 'twill break.
This war of elements doth well befit my mood.
The swirling clouds take not forms more fantastic
Than do these rushing thoughts of mine.
The lightnings cleaving through the heavens
And setting all aflame, are not more fervid
In their heat than are the mighty passions
That rush through my being as though they were
A molten liquid, burning out my life.
Oh! Lenore. Lost Lenore.

*Poe moves down the dock as he calls Lenore, and she enters clothed in shining white, with a gleaming star above her forehead, and approaches him from behind, but he does not see her. As he passes the lumber pile Bergman, Jr., springs forth and fells Poe with the sand bag. He then sees the angel Lenore as she drops upon her knees beside Poe, and takes his head in her arms and presses a kiss on his brow. Bergman, Jr., utters an exclamation of terror and flees from the scene, and leaps off the dock into the water. The curtain drops upon the tableau of Lenore gently caressing the dying Poe, and uttering tender words of endearment.*

SCENE 2—*A landscape of Elysian Fields. Poe wrapped in a robe that has some pure white places, but clouded and covered with spots that range from a slight discoloration to a dark brown, is seen asleep, reclining upon a little knoll, strewn with flowers. A soft golden light pervades the whole landscape, and men and women, clothed in spotless, shining white garments, and talking in low and tender tones stand around him, while Lenore sits at his side with her hand resting upon his brow. Music low, tender and sweet fills all the place. After a time Poe begins to move, and all retire, leaving him alone as he opens his eyes, and he raises himself upon his elbow.*

*Poe*—'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange.
'Tis but a moment past that, as I woke
From a most peaceful slumber,

The air seemed filled with music.
'Twas so tender, soft and low,
That it lulled me to sweetest rest.
It seemed like the tender lullaby
That flows from a young mother's lips
As she carols softly to her first born babe.
And there were voices mingled with it.
I must have slept a most refreshing sleep.
My weariness is gone. The dull pain that
Wracked my brain and made it throb
As though 'twould cleave the skull in twain
Has left me. The heaviness that hung
Like weights of lead upon my limbs
Has been removed, and I so light and
Airy feel, that seems that by a wish
I might o'er step a mountain.
No more the hot blood courses through
My veins like liquid fire, as though
'Twould scorch the eyeballs from my head.

*Arises to his feet.*

Why; where am I? This scene I never
Saw before. And, too, these garments?
Whence came these? These stained and soiled robes
Are not the dress I late did wear.
Do I dream? Am I still sleeping?
Were the voices and sweet music that I heard
But the fancy of an idle brain?
I see no persons near, nor in all
The beauteous landscape that stretches
Far away on every hand. How balmy
Seems the air. How beautiful
The flowers, and their perfume how sweet.
Oh! that this dream might last
'Till tired nature brought me perfect rest.
But do I dream? I seem awake.
Come, I will pinch myself and walk
About to prove me whether 'tis I
Wake or sleep. I hear the murmuring
Of a brook near by. I'll seek its bank

And in its rippling waters plunge my face,
And if it be I sleep and dream, it
Then shall waken me.

*Goes to the stream, looks at his reflection in the water and starts back in amazement.*

What? changed in feature and in figure too,
And so much younger grown. I know I wake.
From out these shining eyes the soul looks forth
With an unclouded vision. I, I must think.
Where was I when I fell asleep; fell
Into that magic slumber that hath wrought
This wonderous change—

Oh! I recall. It rushes o'er me
Like a whelming tide. I was on way
To meet my promised bride, and in the night,
Out through the streets of Baltimore
I took my way. My worn spirit, sore oppressed
And body racked with pain, found in the gathering storm
Congenial elements. I remember
Passing down by the docks and among
The shipping, and there a man rushed
Upon me and felled me to the earth.
Then all is blank until I waked
To music's sweetest sounds.

My God—and was I murdered? Am I dead?
No, no I am not dead. The full tide
Of Life is pulsing through my being,
And ne'er before were I so much alive
As now. But I have passed through
Death, else how should I be here
In these Elysian Fields whose beauty
Doth surpass aught my eyes e'er gazed
Upon before.

Oh! Death, how mightily hast thou been
Belied, until men name thee "King of
Terrors," and blanch their face to whiteness,
If but they think they hear thy footsteps
Coming towards their door. Death, Death,
Oh! blessed Death, that by thy change could

Make me what I am, from what I was.
But why am I alone? Surely I heard
Sweet voices mingled with the music
As I waked. And oh! the music of those voices.
So full of tenderness and love, that
Peace seemed wafted to me by their
Every accent.
Why leave me thus alone? I would
That ye return and bear me company.

*Enter Tasso and Sappho, the spirit father and mother, or guardians of Poe, clothed in pure white shining garments.*

*Tasso*—Child of our constant care and tender love
We felt thy call, and from the realms above
Wherein we dwell, we took our way to thee.
From hour of earliest birth, aye, from the
Hour thou was conceived have we
Watched over thee, and tried to guide thee
On the Way of Life. We stood beside thee
When you parted from your mortal form,
And brought you hither to this supermundane
Plane. Then, as you woke, we, with many
Who had come to welcome the new born
Withdrew that you might wake alone,
And gradually comprehend the change.

*Poe*—Then I have stepped from out the realms of earth,
And entered on another life.

*Sappho, advancing takes his hand and presses a kiss upon his brow.*

*Sappho*—Child of our tender love and constant care,
We welcome you to this, a higher sphere.
And yet, thou art of Earth, and so
Are we. 'Tis true that through the portals of
The tomb opened by Death, that you
Have reached another stage in Life, but not
Another Life. Have reached another plane
Of Earth, but not another Earth. But more
Of this anon. Wearied and worn from the
Conflicts, cares and trials endured upon
Earth's lower plane, rest here awhile ere you
Resume your upward way.

As we have watched and guided you through all
Your days, though by you unseen,
So will we guide you still, and ever at
Your earnest call be present at your side.
In this, as in the lower sphere, each have
their work to do, and often you will choose
To be alone.

*Poe*—Mother! Father! Yes it must be so.
It seems as if I'd known you all my life,
And yet I ne'er had seen you till within
The hour.

*Tasso*—Father and mother of your mind are we,
And thus you've known us since consciousness
First woke within you.

*Poe*—And am I free to wander where I will?

*Tasso*—Aye, child, full freedom is thine own.
As thy will prompts, so have you leave to do.
Would you explore the region round about?
We'll be thy guides.

*Poe*—Yes, that would be great pleasure.
Lead thou the way.

*Leaves the stage led by Sappho and Tasso.*

SCENE 3—*A beautiful paradisical garden with trees, fountains and flowers, all in a strong white light, with one side of the stage in shadow. In the garden a man and woman, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, walking in sweet converse. Tasso, Sappho and Poe approach from the shaded side. As they come upon the stage they halt, and Poe speaks.*

*Poe*—What glorious place is this?
It seems one living mass of light and color.

*Tasso*—This is a paradisical garden. A home of love and purity.
I know its occupants, a most worthy pair.
They'll bid us welcome. Shall we approach?

*Poe*—'Tis a vision of grace and beauty,
And the pair seem clothed in dignity

And humility commingled.
Yes, let us enter.

*They advance, but as they enter the sphere of light Poe hesitates, casts a look at his soiled and spotted robes, and draws back within the shadow.*

*Poe*—I cannot endure the light. It blinds me,
And I feel a sense of suffocation
In it. My robe smelled foul and loathesome,
And seemed covered with blots and stains.
Here it seemeth not offensive to me,
But in that light it seemed to clothe me
In a robe of shame!—while yours grew bright
And did send forth sweet perfume.
Can I not have a robe like thine?

*Sappho*—Yes, child of our love, whatsoever thou desirest
That canst thou have. But only by your own efforts
Can it be secured.
Here each is clothed with love, wisdom and purity
As with a garment. Unholy passions leave
A stain upon the robe we wear,
And purer light than that in which we live
Doth bring them out to view.
And that the reason why in yonder
Glowing light thy robe didst seem
Distasteful to thee.
Death works no sudden change.
Not yet hast thou advanced to that degree
That thou controll'st thy passions. Oft have they
Swayed thee 'gainst thy better self and caused thee
Many a pain. Freedom here is thine,
And ever has been thine. To act, or not to act,
Is ever subject to your choice, but here
A greater power thou hast.
Much hast thou yet to learn, much to unlearn.

*Poe*—Let us go hence. Let us return to those
Elysian fields where first I woke to consciousness.
In that blest spot a sense of peace and rest
Pervades my being, and makes me feel at
Rest with self and all mankind.

*Tasso*—Yes, we will return; for there you find
Conditions suited to your best estate.
And, for a time you'll find your pleasure there.
There friends may come to you, the loved, not lost,
Those who have further grown, and who abide
In higher state and greater light than this.
Thus 'tis with each. When first they enter
From the mundane plane to this the second sphere,
Some loving heart and tender hand doth lead them
To such place herein as best befits their need.
The highest, loveliest, best their life below
Prepared them for. Here they remain at will.
To go, to come, and follow every bent
Of mind as fancy may dispose.
Here every thought and wish may find
Fruition. And, soon or late, each thought,
Each feeling, every least desire that did
In lower sphere find lodgment in thy being,
Respond as does a germ when aptly placed,
And grow and blossom here.
Then comes the weeding time. It comes to all,
For in each life the tares and wheat together grow.
It comes to all. 'Twill come to thee.

*During the foregoing speech the light in the paradisical garden has been changed to the soft golden, the pair therein have vanished, and the Elysian Fields are revealed in its place, and the party advances into them, and Poe exclaims:*

*Poe*—How beautiful is this place. It wraps me
In a sea of restful peace.

*Tasso*—Yes, it marks the acme of your growth
Till now. Whom wouldst thou see?

*Poe*—Lenore. Bring to my side Lenore.

*Tasso and Sappho withdraw to the further side of the stage, from whence they watch with expressions of pleasure the entrance of Lenore, dressed as before, and Poe rushing forward, folds her in his arms in close embrace. Curtain falls on Act I.*

## Act II.

SCENE I—*The Elysian Fields. Poe standing with a look of discontent upon his face, a rose in his hand, from which he is plucking the leaves and casting them on the ground at his feet. After throwing down the last leaf, and for a moment viewing the denuded stem he exclaims:*

*Poe*—How hateful is this place. I thought it beautiful.
'Tis hideous. Beauty should charm. This place
Doth charm no more. 'Twas well enough so long
As naught more beautiful had been revealed to me.
But oh! the beauty of the home of sweet Lenore.
And from that home a Pariah I
Debarred, but not by her, but by my own
Foul raiment.
Curse on the wretch who sent me so
Untimely to the grave, while yet strong passions
Unsubdued did hold me in their thrall.
Look on this robe and see the damning stains
And blots they make. Blots that smell foul
When brought within the light of Lenore's home.
Aye, I can smell them now e'en here
So rank they've grown, they make me loath myself.
Vile wretch, that sent me here before my time,
And forced me all unfit, covered with filth,
Into the presence of the pure and just,
And that I could, I'd rend thee limb from limb.

*Poe throws the stem of the rose upon the ground, and grinds it viciously beneath his feet. Enter Aaron Burr, clothed in robes of shining white.*

*Burr*—Friend, what angereth thee?

*Poe*—Look thou at this foul robe I wear.

*Burr*—And wouldst thou change it for a fairer one?

*Poe*—Would thirsty traveler o'er the desert's sands
Welcome the bubling spring? So would I welcome
Such a change.

*Burr*—Come then with me, and I will show thee
Where these brighter robes are wrought.

SCENE II—*An arid plane. A few stunted scrubby trees, foul weeds, a stone hut, a man unkempt and unwashed, in ragged filthy garments, sitting in front of the low door and muttering to himself. The light is like twilight. Burr and Poe coming upon the scene.*

*Poe*—What dreary place is this?

*Burr*—Yes, it is dreary to your eyes;
And yet 'tis but a short remove from where
You dwell. Another section of the second sphere.

*Poe*—It hath the appearance of another land.

*Burr*—Within this second sphere of Earth
Are all conditions found. As on the plane
Where late you dwelt the vicious and the good,
The high and low, the foolish and the wise
Were mingled, and as we find all states
Are mingled in each human soul,
So here we find them interspersed,
And thus the evil is o'ercome by good
By its proximity; and light that knowledge
Brings doth dissipate the clouds of ignorance.
But whether place or thing be beautiful or not,
Dependeth not upon itself so much,
As on the one who sees it.
Speak to this brother here, and you shall learn
How he regards this place.

*Poe*—Good morning friend. You seem well pleased with life. Does this place please you?

*Holmes*—Yes, yes mister, I like it.

*Poe*—Have you been here long?

*Holmes*—Yes, I guess so. I don't know. I do not mind the time.

*Poe*—Would you not like a brighter, more cheerful place?

*Holmes*—Why mister, this is bright enough for me. More light would hurt my eyes. I have here all I want. A good house, fine clothes, pleasant fields, and neighbors to visit when I wish, what more do I need?

*Poe*—Then you are quite content and happy as you are?

*Holmes*—Well, yes. That is, I was. Say, mister, why couldn't you let an old man alone who hadn't never done nothing to you?

*Burr*—Have I my brother, done you any wrong?

*Holmes*—Yes you have. You kum here and you kept kummin, and you kept a talkin' and a talkin', till byneby I begun to think about those places you said's so much better than this, and it kind o'got me dissatisfied like with this here place. I's all right afore you kum around. I's gotter allow as how you's mighty kind and gentle like, but I aint just so happy as I used to be. And now you bring this other gentleman along, and the fust thing he does is to up and ask me if I'd like a better place. He's got a mighty white dress, not a spot on it, but it don't shine so like your'n, and when I see you both lookin' so fine like, it does make mine look rather dingy, and I see some spots on it that I hadn't noticed afore. Don't want to be rude misters, but I wish you wouldn't come agin. It makes me discontented like. And then, somehow, I kinder wish you would. You see I don't know what I do want. I's all right till you begun to kum to me.

*Burr advancing and taking him by the hand.*

*Burr*—My good friend and brother, if you will permit me I will help you to remove this discontent. I know a way that would lead you to a place where you could get a robe as white and shining as is this I wear. The way is long, but each stage grows more pleasing, and you would find much to interest you on the way. A party is forming to make this journey, and if you desire you may join it. It will make many stops on the way, and tarry for a time at each, but you shall find each stopping place more beautiful than the last.

*Holmes*—Well, I don't know. I'm pretty well off here. That's a pretty long journey you speak of mister, and you see I'd be leavin' all my old 'sociates.

*Burr*—Do they satisfy you?

*Holmes*—Well, there now. That's just it. You see they did, till you kept kummin and talkin' to me. Just afore you kum I's feelin' lonesome like, but couldn't make up my mind to go the neighbors. Somehow I kinder thought you'd kum this mornin'. Say, mister, do you think if I'd start on that journey 'twould please my mother?

*Burr*—Yes, greatly. I know it would.

*Holmes*—Then I'll do it. She kum here a good many times long time ago, and wanted me to go with her out o'this place; but I wouldn't. You see it just suited me then, and I wanted her to come here and live. She said she couldn't, and I said I wouldn't, and so she stopped kummin. I kinder feel as though I's awful selfish to want mother to come here, for her dress was very white and shinin, and I begin to see now that this place is rather dirty, and not half as purty as I thought it was. Yes, mister I'll go. Oh! wont it please mother when she hears I'm going to leave this place? Oh! I wish she were here that I might tell her.

*Enter Mrs. Holmes clothed in shining white, with three bright stars upon her brow.*

*Mrs. Holmes*—My son, my son, mother has come for you.

*She folds her son to her bosom and presses her lips upon his brow, as he lays his head upon her shoulder. Curtain falls upon the tableau.*

SCENE III—*Elysian Fields, in which the light is much brighter than heretofore. Poe, wearing a robe having the same spots as before, but all of a much lighter shade, is seen walking up and down, with a bouquet of flowers in his hand which he is examining and admiring. Pausing in his walk he soliloquizes.*

*Poe*—These flowers seem like sentient things, and each
One breaths of love. If I but frown, they shrink
Away as though it gave them pain, and if I smile
Their petals tremble and seem to crave caress.
They droop or thrive according to my mood.
Out from the garden of my loved Lenore
They come to keep me company.
Much time she passeth here, and her sweet presence
Hath made this hallowed ground. And now,
As time draws near when I shall quit this place,
I feel a sadness o'er me stealing.
Here have I learned and suffered much.
Here have I read the record of my life
On earth. Each thought, act, feeling, faithful
Memory revealed, and showed the motive
That did underlie. Nothing was hidden—
Everything revealed. It seemed as though all
Earth and Heaven might read the record.

Slowly the scroll unrolled that bore the record
Of my life, and I was forced to sit
In judgment on myself.
In mercy all my friends withdrew and I
Was left alone. But while the scroll unrolled
Before my eyes I thought 'twas read by all.
But only to myself was it revealed,
And I alone was judge. So know I now;
And much it hath revealed to me.
Now comes the weeding time. To pluck away
The tares is now my earnest purpose.
Already I perceive these stains are fainter
Grown, and hate gives place to pity.
But late I cursed the man who by his act
Did send me to this sphere of life. But now
I'll seek him out, and strive by gentle words
And loving deeds to turn him from his evil ways.
For have I not in mine own self perceived
How we are swayed by passion.
How, letting our thoughts dwell upon a real
Or a fancied wrong, we harbor vengeful thoughts
Until we are their slave, and they our masters.
How in our blindness we rail at fate
And curse our destinies, turning the current
Of our lives to bitterness, and breading
For ourselves and others woe; for on the psychic,
As on the physical plane like begets like,
And every thought's a germ that grows to fruitage
If cherished by our love—
Indeed the weeding time doth come to all.
Thrice happy they who on Life's mundane plane
Doth pluck the weeds ere they to rankness grow.

*Enter Tasso and Sappho and embrace Poe.*

*Tasso*—Our child, we bring thee greeting and congratulation
For the victory won. Now, that thou hast judged thyself
And justly, more rapid shall thy progress be;
For thou dost love the right, and ever hast.
Thy love was warm, thy admiration great,
Ambition lofty. Pride filled thee with fierce passion.
At the restraints that hemmed thee in thou oft

Didst chafe, and many a weed did nourish
In the garden of thy life. The weeding time has come,
And well we know how faithfully thou'lt do
The work.

As we did tell thee, each on entering here
Is taken to such place as fits their best
Condition. Not all like you remain,
And make such place their starting point for
Further growth; but many, living in their
Lower natures with more of hate than love,
Seek out a lower and more congenial
Spot in deeper shades, and there remain
'Till keen remorse awake within them sense
Of pity. Here in the second sphere are all
Conditions found, and here we all remain
Until outgrowing them. Some quickly pass
Its several stages through, while others
Linger here for ages.
Twelve spheres has Earth, rising from mundane
Up to twelfth, and into these is each one born
Successively. And when, at last
Our natal world outgrown, by birth
Through death we still pass on to higher spheres.
Thus stage by stage doth man advance.
On mundane plane man first begins to live.
At birth he casts aside his most external
Body. The placenta dies that man may live
On higher plane, and in more perfect form.
As is the universe with its many spheres,
So is the man with many bodies, each in
The germ, and all enfolded one within the other.
Through death, man is born from first
To second sphere, as you have been;
And what was inner body there, becomes
Objective here; and by development
And growth in wisdom, truth and love,
That body that's internal here, becomes
Objective in next higher sphere.
Thus stage by stage do all progress, and each
Successive birth reveals a fairer body.

Here each is taught, and each doth teach.

The higher to the lower come and strive
To lift them up. Within the lower sections
Of the second sphere is greatest need.
Therein do all who've passed the ordeal of
Self-judgment find a work to do.
There dwell the vicious, ignorant, apathetic.
One of these last you helped awake to
Sense of something wanting, and now
His time of progress has begun.
Not vicious nor unkind had his life been
On mundane plane, but simply stolid.
The finer qualties of his being
Had never waked, were still in embryo.
The place you found him in was heaven
To him, as satisfying as these Elysian Fields
To you when first you entered here.
Your tenderest love was used to make this place
Distasteful to you. Your ambition,
To hasten your self-judgment. Thus rapidly
Have you been prepared for higher state.
And now we go to visit one in sore distress,
Whom deep remorse hath seized upon, and who
Is pierced by bitter, vengeful thoughts
Sent forth by one he'd wronged
Will you go with us?

*Poe*—Aye, gladly will I go, for vengeful thoughts
No longer find a lodgment in my breast,
But tender pity doth outflow for all.

*Sappho*—'Tis well 'tis so; for naught so well becomes
Mankind as love, pity and tenderness
For those who suffer. Full many a day
We've waited for this hour to strike from off
A suffering man his bonds. Let us away.

SCENE IV—*A dismal cavern, with dark, lurid light and slimy reptiles. Bergman, Jr., robed in black and tattered garments sitting upon a stone in a despairing mood. Burr, clothed as before, stands near regarding him with looks of tenderness and pity. Enter Tasso, Sappho and Poe. As they enter Poe exclaims.*

*Poe*—What a dreadful place is this. The horrors accumulate as we advance. Are there others still more deadful.

*Tasso*—Yes. This is not the worst, but here is the object of our mission.

*Poe*—Oh! what a wretched object is that man. He looks as though despair, remorse and pain had claimed him for their own. And there beside him stands that gentle, loving man who led me to that arid waste, and waked the man from out his apathetic state. He seemeth like an angel of mercy. Can you tell me who he is?

*Tasso*—That is Aaron Burr.

*Poe*—What do you say? Aaron Burr?

*Tasso*—Yes, that gentle, loving man is Aaron Burr, and much of his time is given to visiting the unfortunates who dwell in these lower sections of the second sphere, trying to aid them to reach a better condition.

For a time after his first entrance into this sphere of life he was in a condition similar to this you now behold, for that unhappy man has been brought here by his misdeeds that followed as the effect of his ungoverned passions, and his remorse is for a great wrong he did an innocent man whom he did not even know, and having realized the enormity of his offence he now suffers from the pangs of remorse, and also from vengeful thoughts sent out to him from the one he injured, and at times he feels as if being rended limb from limb. See, the spasm comes on him now.

*Bergman, Jr.*—Oh! tortures of the damned. I feel the clutch of my victim, and he's rending me in pieces. Curses upon him—Why did he come my way when I was desperate? And yet, 'twas I, not he to blame. But oh! that villain of a father. 'Twas he that made me what I am.

*Springing to his feet, gnashing his teeth in rage and grinding with his feet.*

Oh! that I had him here. I'd tear him with my teeth, grind him with my feet, spit in his face, and heap my curses on him so thick and fast that he should think a thousand fiends pursued him.

*Burr*—Peace, peace dear friend. These bursts of passion do but injure you. Think how at times you long for the forgiveness of your victim. Perchance your father may now long for thine.

*Bergman, Jr., sitting down and dropping his eyes to the ground.*

*Bergman, Jr.*—I had not thought of that.

*Burr*—Think of it now. Think you your mother would curse or bless him.

*Bergman, Jr.*—Mother was an angel—mother would forgive him without his asking. Why, sir, she would go to him and beg the privilege of being allowed to forgive him.

*Burr*—You know how at times you feel as if the man you wronged were rending you limb from limb?

*Bergman, Jr.*—Yes.

*Burr*—Would you like me to tell you why you have those feelings?

*Bergman, Jr.*—Yes, tell me.

*Burr*—'Tis because the man you injured, in a fit of passion cursed you and said "And that I could, I'd rend thee limb from limb." Thoughts earnestly expressed reach out in this sphere and do the will of their projector. And if your father were already in this sphere, he would have felt all the pain and misery you wished to heap upon him.

*Bergman, Jr.*—I'm glad he is not here. I shudder now to think how he would have suffered. Your asking what mother would do has set me to thinking that if I were more like her, perhaps that man would forgive me. She used to make me say the Lord's prayer when I was a little fellow, and often she would say that we should forgive as we would be forgiven.

*Tears come to his eyes, and he wipes them away with his hand.*

I believe I could forgive my father now if he were here. Once, when I first came to this side my mother came to me—it was a long, long time ago. How long have I been here? Do you know?

*Burr*—Oh! not so very long. A few months as you would have counted the time in earth life.

*Bergman, Jr.*—It seems a long time to me. Well, as I was saying, mother came to me. I was not in this dark cavern then, but in a large place that seemed like a hospital. I woke from what seemed to me to have been a sweet and refreshing slumber, and mother was standing at my side. I was so glad to see her, and she was so glad to see me.

She kissed me tenderly, and called me her darling boy, and said so

many kind and pleasant things to me, and tried to make me feel contented and happy, but somehow, although everybody looked pleasant and seemed kind, I felt as though I was an intruder and was not wanted.

This feeling kept growing upon me until it became unbearable, and I told mother I could not remain there any longer.

She said I was free to go wherever I desired, and that when I wished for her she would come to me. Then I left her, and as I walked away every one I met looked at me kindly, but their looks seemed to say: "You are an intruder here. You have come before your time. Why did you do it?"

This made me wish to shun everybody and go away by myself. So I travelled on and on, not knowing nor caring where I was going until I found myself in a desert place.

Up to this time it had not occurred to me to ask myself where I was, but now that thought came to me, and like a flash my thoughts went back to the last scene of my earth life, and I knew that I was dead, and yet I knew that I was still alive.

The whole scene came back to me. I saw the dock at Baltimore, the man coming down it, myself hiding behind the lumber pile with the sand bag in my hand ready to attack him. I saw him come near, and as the lightning flashed and thunder rolled, I saw him stop and heard again the words he uttered. Then I saw him come towards me and I sprang forth and felled him to the earth. Then I saw a beautiful angel, her he had called I thought it was, kneel down and lift his head in her arms. I turned, ran from the spot and plunged off the dock into the water.

*Poe*—(*Aside.*) What, this the man that late called forth my curse. Oh! how I pity him.

*Bergman, Jr.*—As I realized my crime, my double crime, the murder of my victim and myself, I felt instinctively why I was looked upon as an intruder here, and I fled on and on, until I reached this place and here you found me.

Here in fear and dread I hid myself. I cursed my fate and all mankind, and when you came I cursed you too, for I thought you sought me out for punishment. But you've been kind and made me hope, and now, at last have wakened in me my more kindly nature. Tell me but how, show but the way that I can right the wrong of him I foully murdered and I will do it.

*Poe advancing and taking Bergman, Jr.'s hand.*

*Poe*—Friend, brother, I am he of whom thou hast just spoken, and freely, joyfully do I forgive you the act that sent me out from my earthly body. Already have you greatly suffered, and 'twas my own ungoverned passions flowing forth in curses that caused you part of it. For that I crave your pardon, and I ask the privilege henceforth to be counted as your friend and brother, and let me be the one to lead you from this dark and noisome place to fairer scenes.

*Bergman, Jr.*—Oh! many, many thanks. And may I call you friend? A crushing weight has dropped from off me. Now let me comfort those more miserable than I.

*Burr*—In the expression of that wish you have yourself marked out the way whereby you can make full reparation for every wrong you have done.

*Bergman, Jr.*—Already do I feel a soothing sense of peace steal over me, and yearnings for a mother's fond embrace well up within my bosom.

*Enter Lillie St. Clair Bergman and Lenore. Mrs. Bergman embraces her son in silence, tenderly stroking his cheek. Lenore approaches Poe, and placing her hands upon his shoulders and looking into his face exclaims.*

*Lenore*—Now shall they robes be pure and white, for thou hast learned to render blessings for curses, and to forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven.

*Mrs. Bergman*—My beloved son, your temptations and your trials have been great. You have suffered much, but you have now entered upon the way which shall lead you from darkness into light. Henceforth mother can come to you, and mother will guide you.

*Curtain falls upon Act II.*

# Act III.

SCENE I.—*A parlor, and seated therein Mr. Bergman, Mrs. Lenox, the mistress of the house, and her daughters, Miss Belle and Miss Blanche, young ladies.*

*Mrs. Lenox*—Oh! Mr. Bergman, what is this strange thing the papers are full of, that they call the Rochester knockings? They say that the spirits of the dead are coming back, and by means of raps are talking with the people here.

Only a few days since I read in the New York *Tribune* a long account of how it all originated at Hydesville New York, not quite two years ago in a family where there were three young girls that they call mediums, and it stated that since that time the raps have been heard in hundreds of families all over the country.

Mr. Greeley stated in the article that he had himself attended a seance I think he called it, with those Fox girls, and that the raps were heard upon the table, the floor, walls and ceiling as loud as though someone were pounding with a hammer.

That by calling over the letters of the alphabet the raps spelled out whole sentences, giving intelligent communications. He declares that he is positive that those sounds or raps were not made nor controlled by any person then present in the body, and that while he was not prepared to admit or believe that they were made by the spirits of the dead, he did know that they were produced by some power that possessed human intelligence.

Now, Mr. Bergman, what do you think about it? Have you heard the raps? for I hear they are being produced at a number of houses here in Philadelphia.

*Bergman*—Well, I do not know very much about it. Naturally seeing so much written about such a strange phenomena one is likely to become at least curious, and the other evening I went with a few friends to a gentleman's house who had told us that his daughter, a Miss of about twelve years I should think, possessed the strange power, and that the heavy dining table would tip to answer questions, and do many other strange things.

There were present on that occasion the gentleman, his wife and daughter, my three friends and myself. We all took seats around the heavy dining table, and all placed their hands palms down upon it. After perhaps two minutes a rap, about such as one would make upon a door before entering a room was made, apparently near the centre of the table on the underside.

Our host then explained that one rap meant "no," two raps, "don't know," and three raps "yes." He then asked if any spirits were present, and three raps were given. Asked if they would answer questions. Again three raps.

Then he asked who were there, and called over a number of names of those who were dead. To some the answer was yes, to others no. Then many questions were asked and answers received. I asked if any one with whom I was acquainted while they lived here was present, and an emphatic no was signaled.

I then asked if they could and would answer mental questions, and to this there was given an equally emphatic yes.

I then mentally asked that the raps be made in different parts of the room, and upon various pieces of furniture, and in each and every instance the raps were made where I desired, and almost instantly, and the exact number that I desired.

I was seated at the end of the table, and the little girl next on my right. I finally mentally requested that the table should move towards me, and it did, with a vengeance.

I had hardly formulated the request in my mind when the table started towards me, and kept coming, bringing the little girl and her chair along with it at its side, but leaving all the others, and pushing me and my chair before it until I was tightly squeezed between the table and wall of the room, nor could I push it away or release myself until I requested the table to move back, which it did, taking the girl with it but leaving me against the wall.

That is all I *know* about these Rochester knockings, though I have heard about a great many strange things that is said to have occurred. And I have heard that Prof. Hare, of the University, is going to investigate and report upon this strange phenomena.

*Belle*—Well, I wish I could see something of the kind.

*Mrs. Lenox*—I have a little curiosity too, in that direction. Do you think Mr. Bergman, that you could secure us an invitation to your friend's house?

*Bergman*—Oh! I can hardly presume to call him a friend, as I

met him for the first time that evening, he being a friend of my three friends who presumed to take me along. But suppose we try for ourselves. It is said that the raps are often got by a number of persons sitting around a table.

*Belle*—Oh! that will be splendid. Come Blanche, let's get a table and have a circle right off.

*Blanche*—No, thank you. No spirits for me. I've got spirits enough of my own without invoking the dead. I've just been imagining that I could feel some one pulling at my dress ever since Mr. Bergman began to talk about that seance.

*Mrs. Lenox*—Well, if Blanche does not desire to join us, let us three try; but first let us solemnly agree between ourselves that if any manifestations do come, that if any information is given to either of us, we will truthfully state whether it is true or false. I think that such a course would be but just to ourselves and to the spirits that come, if they do come.

*Belle*—Oh! I agree to that and am off for a suitable table. *(Exit Belle.)*

*Bergman*—And I do solemnly swear that in the matter now about to come before us, I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and this I swear by my love for Blanche, and as I hope to soon call her by the sacred name of wife.

*Blanche*—Remember sir, that you have sworn by a most sacred name, and never would I become the wife of any man that failed to keep to the uttermost an oath such as you have just sworn.

*Bergman*—No fear dear Blanche. I'll keep the oath and tell the truth. But here comes Belle with the table. Let's form our circle.

*Belle enters, followed by a servant bearing a table which is placed near the center of the stage, and the three seat themselves around it.*

*Blanche*—Well, friends all, I wish you success in your new undertaking, but think it would be but dull music for me to sit and watch your labors of waiting, so I will while you evoke the spirits, evoke for myself music from the piano. Who knows which may move first, the table or the piano. I suppose all the solemn vows hold good for the piano as well as for the table?

*Bergman*—Aye, the piano shall claim a double sanctity.

*Blanche*—So mote it be.

*The three sit silent around the table with their hands palms down upon it. Blanche seats herself at the piano and begins to play a lively waltz. She plays it through and then begins again, and as she strikes the first note, the piano begins to beat the time. She gives a little start, but continues playing, staring hard at the piano, which now rises and falls rythmically, keeping perfect time. After watching it for a few bars she calls out merrily.*

*Blanche*—Oh! come here. Here they are keeping perfect time for me. I've got them first, and now that they are here, why, we'll give them a hearty welcome, and say "*How de do?*" Ain't this jolly?

*As she says "How de do," the piano tips far over to the front, and slowly rises again as if making a profund bow. The three have left the table and draw near, and Belle exclaims.*

*Belle*—I do believe Blanche it was making a bow to you. I give you hearty welcome too.

*Mrs. Lenox*—And I.

*Bergman*—And I.

*All bowing profoundly to the piano,—and again the piano makes its bow.*

*Blanche*—Will you rap for us and answer questions?

*Three raps are heard on the piano.*

*Belle*—Oh! I've got an idea

*Bergman*—What a strange thing for you to have Belle, but wherever could you have found it.

*Belle*—It came like Topsy, it growed. But its a good one, aint it Spirits?

*A shower of raps upon the table.*

*Mrs. Lenox*—Why, they have gone to the table. Well Belle, what is your grand idea?

*Belle*—Just this. Mr. Bergman said they rapped just where he asked them to mentally, and I thought, why not take those blocks little Lillie plays with that have letters on them, and place them on the table, then let the spirits rap on the letter they want. In that way they could talk faster.

*A shower of raps come on the table and Belle runs off for the blocks, brings and arranges them on the table, gets a pad of paper and pencil and handing them to her mother says:*

*Belle*—Now mamma, let us all sit around the table, and Mr. Bergman, Blanche and I will call the letters indicated and you write them down.

*All sit down around the table, and the three call the letters where the rap is heard, and Mrs. Lenox writes them down as follows:*

Good evening friends. It gives us great pleasure to be able to communicate with you.

*Blanche*—What do they say to mamma?

*Mrs. Lenox reads as written above.*

*Bergman*—Who is communicating?

*Raps begin again and they call the letters as follows:*

A stranger to all here present, but one who would be pleased to serve you.

*Mrs. Lenox reads it.*

*Bergman*—Are there any spirits here present of those I know?

*Raps begin again and they call the letters.*

Yes, there are two of your friends present whom you know intimately. Would you like them to communicate with you?

*Mrs. Lenox reads it.*

*Bergman*—Yes, if they will do so, and I especially desire that they give such information as will be convincing to me that it comes from the ones whose names may be given. I would have them establish their identity in such a manner as to leave no doubt of it in my mind.

*Raps begin again and they call the letters.*

Your request shall be granted far more fully than you desire, but let us say here and now, that in giving the information that we do we do it not through any feeling of resentment or revenge, but in tenderest love, and for your own good and the good of others.

Know then, that it is Lillie St. Clair Bergman who stands beside you, she who twenty-five years ago this day you secretly married in the city of Baltimore, with whom you lived for two years and two months and then deserted her, and your child and her's, a boy one year old. That boy, our son, now stands here beside me, and forgives you all the cruel wrong that you have done both him and I.

You know how I, worn out with suffering and care, passed away

when he was but a child of ten. You know how I sent for you as I lay upon my dying bed, and pleaded with you to take and tenderly care for our child, because by denying our marriage, you had made us both outcasts from my father's home.

You will remember how, while standing there beside me dying of a broken heart, you promised to be a good father to our boy from that day forth, and educate and care for him.

You will remember how you soon broke that promise, and abused him, and drove him forth an outcast and homeless upon the streets. You will remember that but a few short months ago you saw his body after it had been drawn from the water in which he drowned himself after felling a man to the earth, for you, Clarence Bergman, saw him strike Edgar A. Poe to the earth, and then flee and leap into the water.

You will remember that you now have a wife living in the city of New Orleans to whom you were legally married, and we have come to-night to tell you all this to save you from a further crime, and to save this innocent girl from the fate you had prepared for her.

We have done. You dare not but keep your oath and acknowledge all that we have given to be true. We warn you. Go, and amend your ways.

LILLIE ST. CLAIR BERGMAN.
CLARENCE BERGMAN, JR.

*Mrs. Lenox reads the communication in a firm stern voice, and as she proceeds Bergman drops his head in his hands. Blanche rises and stands like a statue looking at him, with mingled expression of horror and contempt. When the reading ceases, Blanche in a commanding tone exclaims:*

*Blanche*—Sir; stand up.

*Bergman arises but looks down.*

*Blanche*—Look me in the face. Already does your actions condemn you, but speak, is the message true or false?

*Bergman*—My God, 'tis wholly true.

*Blanche*—Leave my presence, and never see nor speak to me again.

*Bergman cowers before her and the curtain falls upon the tableau.*

SCENE 2—*A paradisical garden with trees, fountains and flowers, and a beautiful dwelling surrounded with columns around which twine flowers, foliage and plants, embowering the whole in a mass of color, with a light of dazzling brightness over the whole scene. Poe and Lenore emerging from the dwelling. The garments of both are radiantly white and shining. Each wears a coronet, with three bright stars above the forehead.*

*Lenore*—Within this home for years I've waited for
Thy coming. Not long and weary years, for time
Doth pass with scarce a noting, when with works
Of love we are engaged, and such
Have occupied my time.
It ever has been beautiful to me,
And all my soul desired.
But until now, there has within its shadows
Lain concealed a half its beauty.
Not that its light has brighter grown
By thy dear presence, but standing by thy side
A deeper, fuller beauty doth reveal
Itself. Each clinging vine, each trembling leaf,
And every fragrant flower doth realize
Thy presence, and breathes a tender welcome.
See how the waters of the fountains dance
For joy, how sings the brook, and list what joyous
Notes come swelling from those feathered throats.
And thou my love, hast helped me build this home.
This is thy work and mine, and many are
The beauties thou hast wrought herein
Since first thou came into this higher sphere.
Thou knowest that on thy robes were many a dark
Unsightly stain, and each of these did leave
Its shadow here concealing much of beauty.
And over these it was my wont to place
A veil. If at some point I saw a deepening
Shadow grow, then straight away I sought
Me out some lowly one and brought within
Their life some gleam of light, and thus did I
A picture or a wreath produce which I
Would hang before that naughty stain and hide
It from my sight. And then I'd watch to see
It fade away. And oft 'twould vanish in

A single night, washed out by penitence
Of thine.
And then sometimes they'd take a deeper hue,
And I would say, "My love doth suffer from
The thralls of earth," and then I'd hie me to
Thy side, and strive by every gentle means
To win thee to thy better self.

And when at last thou felt my near approach
And deep contrition did possess thy soul,
Then I with joy would watch the shadow flee
And take its presence from above our door.

Oh! precious Love, of my own soul a part,
How often have the shadows come and gone
Upon these walls, while I have labored here
To build this home.

Sometimes thou helped me with a noble help,
And sometimes, as I built, thou didst destroy.
But oft'ner far you labored at my side
With noble thoughts, and generous deeds, and from
Thy ever constant love for me I drew
A stimulous and strength, that made my labors
Light and filled me with a tenderness for all.
And now, in thy dear presence, blessed one,
I reap a rich fruition.

No longer shall I tread Life's upward path
Alone, but henceforth hand in hand we'll seek
The wisdom that the ages bring. And now,
That we have passed the mists that gather o'er
The first brief stage of Life's long journey,
And have wiser grown by each experience
Though 'twere dearly bought, yet we, dear Love,
May now rejoice for with the knowledge we
Have thus acquired we'll keep all shadows from
Our future homes, and with our growing light
Illumine those still groping in the dark.

*Poe*--Loved of my Life, Mate of my Soul and of
Myself a part, here in this blest abode
Shall we find rest and peace. To thy dear love
I owe much that I am this day. To me,
It was and is a strength and shield. Through all
The darkest hours of my life on earth

Thy love did ever cheer and comfort me,
And gave me strength and purpose to o'ercome
The evil with the good.
And now, we journey onward hand in hand,
Heart pressed to heart, with every inmost thought
Of each to other known, to turn no more
To lower planes of earth save when on deeds
Of love and mercy bent, or if perchance
The time do serve, to bring some ray of light
To penetrate the gloom of ignorance
That shroudeth man in darkness dense and drear.
So, from this beauteous spot, Oh! Brother Man
Upon Earth's mundane plane, I cry to you—

Farewell! Farewell!
Like the music of a bell
Floating downward to the dell—
Downward from some alpine height,
While the sunset embers bright,
Fade upon the hearth of night;
So my spirit, voiceless, breathless,
Indestructible and deathless,
From the heights of Life Elysian gives to Earth my parting song;
Downward through the star-lit spaces,
Unto Earth's most lowly places,
Like the sun-born strains of Memnon, let the music float along,
With a wild and wayward rhythm, with a movement deep and strong,
"Come up higher!" cry the angels. This must be my parting song,
Earth! Oh! Earth! thou art my Mother,
Mortal man! thou art my Brother,
We have shared a mutual sorrow, we have known a common birth;
Yet with all my soul's endeavor,
I will sunder, and forever,
Every tie of human passion that can bind my soul to earth—
Every slavish tie that binds me to the things of little worth.
"Come up higher" cry the angels! "come, and bid farewell to Earth."
I would bear a love Platonic to the souls in earthly life;

I would give a sign Masonic to the heroes in the strife;
I have been their fellow-craftsmen, bound apprentice to the Art,
Whereby Life, that cunning draughtsman, builds his temple in the heart.

But with earth no longer mated, I have passed the First Degree;
I have been initiated to the second mystery.
Oh! its high and holy meaning not one soul shall fail to see!
Now, with loftiest aspirations, onward through the worlds I march,

Through the countless constellations, upward to the Royal Arch,
"Come up higher!" cry the angels: "come up to the Royal Arch."

Farewell! Farewell!
Like the tolling of a bell,
Sounding forth some funeral knell,
Tolling a sad refrain,
Not for those who rest from pain;
But for those who still remain;
So sweet pathos will I borrow,
From the loving lips of sorrow,
Weaving in a plaintive minor with the cadence of my song,
For the hearts that lonely languish,
For the souls that break with anguish,
For the weak ones and the tempted, who must sin and suffer long;
For the hosts of living martyrs, groaning 'neath some ancient wrong;
For the cowards and the cravens, who in guilt alone are strong.
But from all Earth's woe and sadness,
All its folly and its madness,
I would never strive to save you, or avert the evil blow;
Even if I would, I could not,
Even if I could, I would not
Turn the course of Time's great river, in its great majestic flow;
Grapple with those mighty causes whose results I may not know;
All life's sorrows end in blessings, as the future yet shall show.
From Life's overflowing beaker, I have drained the bitter draught,
Changing to a maddening ichor in my being as I quaffed.
I have felt the hot blood rushing o'er its red and rameous path.

Like the molten lava, gushing in its wild, volcanic wrath;
Like a bubbling, boiling geyser, in the region of the pole;
Like a Scylla or Charybdis, threatening to engulf the soul.
Oh! for all such fire-wrought natures, let my rhythmic numbers tell;
Vulnerable, like Achilles, only in one fatal part,
I am wounded by Life's arrows, in the head, but not the heart.
"Come up higher," cried the angels; and I hastened to depart.

Farewell! Farewell!
Like a merry marriage bell,
Pealing with a tunefull swell,
Telling in a joyful strain,
With a whispered sweet refrain,
Of the hearts no longer twain;
So, no longer cursed and fated,
Fondly loved and truly mated,
I can pour my inspiration pure as Orpheus through my strain.
Gifted with a sense of seeing,
Far beyond my earthly being,
I can feel I have not suffered, loved, and hoped, and feared in vain;
Every earthly sin and sorrow I can only count as gain;
I can chant a grand "Te Deum," o'er the record of my pain.
Ye who grope in darkness blindly,
Ye who seek a refuge kindly,
Ye upon whose hearts the ravens, ghostly ravens, perch and prey.
Listen! for the bells are ringing,
Tuneful as the angels singing,
Ringing in the glorious morning of your spirit's marriage day,
When the soul no longer fettered to the feeble form of clay,
To a high harmonious union, soars, elate with hope away.
Where the iris arch of Beauty bridges o'er celestial skies,
Where the golden line of Duty, like a living pathway lies,
Where the gonfalon of Glory floats upon the fragrant air,
Ye who read Life's lengthening story, find a Royal Chapter there.
Ye shall see how men and nations o'er the ways of life advance;
Ye shall watch the constellations in their mazy mystic dance;
And the Central Sun shall greet you, greet you with a golden glance.
Oh! for souls in Life Eternal let the bells in gladness ring;

Bind the wreath of orange blossoms, and the wedding garment bring.
"Come up higher," cry the angels. Let the bells in gladness ring.

Farewell! Farewell!
Like the chiming of the bells,
Which a tale of triumph tells,
As the news in tuneful notes,
Leaping from their brazen throats,
On the startled ether floats;
So in freedom great and glorious,
Over flesh and sense victorious;
Does the spirit leap the barrier which across the pathway lies
Greater far than royal Cæsar,
Fearless as the northern Æser,
Drawn by Love's celestial magnet, winged with faith and hope it flies,
Upward o'er the starry pathway leading onward through the skies,
To the land of Light and Beauty, where no bud of promise dies.
There through all the vast Empyrean,
Wafted, as on gales Hesperian,
Comes the stirring cry of "Progress!" telling of the yet to be.
Tuneful as the seraph's lyre,
"Come up higher!" "come up higher!"
Cry the hosts of angels; learn the heavenly Masonry!"
Life is one eternal progress; enter, then, the Third Degree;—
Ye who long for light and wisdom, seek the Inner Mystery!
Thus oh! sons of Earth, I leave you; leave you for that higher light;
And my charge is now, Receive you all my parting words aright.
Human passions, mad ambition, bound me to this lower Earth,
Even in my changed condition, even in my higher birth.
But by earnest, firm endeavor, I have gained a height sublime;
And I ne'er again, no never, shall be *bound* to Space or Time;
I have conquered! and forever! Let the bells in triumph chime!
"Come up higher," cry the angels; "come up to the Royal Arch!
Come and join the Past Grand Masters, in the Soul's progressive march,

Oh! thou neophite of Wisdom; Come up to the Royal Arch!"
Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,
Break temptation's magic spell!
Truth is Heaven, and Falsehood Hell!
Lawless Lust, a demon fell!
Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,
In this Heaven, or in this Hell,
When ye hear the solemn swell
Of Creation's mighty bell
Sounding forth Time's funeral knell,
Ye shall meet me where I dwell;
Until then, Farewell! Farewell!

*Curtain falls.*

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NOTE.—The "Farewell" is taken from the published works of Lizzie Doten, through whom it was spoken while in an entranced condition. The entrancing power claimed to be Edgar A. Poe.

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# BEING, PER SE,

## Its Planes of Manifestation and Modes of Action

By JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.


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| | | Plates and Explanations. |


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